THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED.”
COWPER.

VOL. III.] [No. 41.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1803.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

“ Why stand ye here all the day idle?”

HAVING sauntered away a whole week in parochial visitations, the habit of indolence grew so strong, that, on the morning of publication, my sermon was untouched, and the Deacon and I were lolling, with folded arms, against my study wainscot. The printer entered the room, asking for my copy; when he saw my paper without a character traced on it, and my study table covered, not with texts, but tobacco, he sarcastically exclaimed, ‘why stand ye here all the day idle?’

Truly, Deacon, I responded, this is a puzzling question, harder than knotty arithmetic, which tormented my patience at school. Why stand we here all the day idle? *Moments* of relaxation are necessary, and we have them in abundance, but to stand, yea and to *sit*, and to *loll* whole *hours* and summer *days* idle, is a privilege which should never be asked by mankind. Let the sloth and the dormouse sleep, but let man be ‘up and doing.’ Each has a soldier's task to fulfil, and if neglecting the *front* of day, we ignobly skulk in the *rear*, the tour of duty will be unaccomplished, and we shall, sorrowing, hear the voice of some moral sentinel crying, ‘the night is coming, wherein no man shall work.’

It is almost presumption to attempt sketching even the outlines of indolence, since Solomon, the best character painter in Jerusalem, has drawn a striking likeness of the sluggard, and has shewn what a silly figure the man makes who ‘stands all the day idle.’ I have gazed whole hours at this pretty picture, which the wise man exhibits, and am persuaded that it is better worth ninepence of any man's money, than a sight of the Lion, now carrying about in a cage. But as lazy folks will not even read little story books, much less the Bible, I know of no better mode to teach them self-knowledge, than by designing a modern sluggard, in miniature, and hanging it up in the first column of the Port Folio, which, it is said, even yawners read.

Dick Dronish lies in bed till eleven o'clock in a May morning. Slip shod, and with one stocking wrong side out, he gapes over his breakfast, which he eats with ‘unwashen hands,’ because he can't afford to hire a servant to hold the water bowl. As his profession requires study, it is his duty to read all the forenoon, but he always sleeps over his book, and never displayed any vivacity in study, except once, when he threw Dr. Franklin's works into the fire, for saying that ‘time was money.’ After dinner, which generally employs two hours, he cracks nuts like a squirrel, or smokes like a Dutchman, or, by a certain process, commonly called whittling, covers his hearth with shreds of pine. At four you see him exerting all his energies, crossing the street to a dram shop, and loading a sot's *pistol*—with brandy. You need not enter Dick's house to become acquainted with the proprietor. You see him *through the broken windows*, and know that the rusty hat, which supplies the lost pane, belongs to the head of an idler.

Not only individuals, but sometimes whole tribes and bodies corporate, ‘stand all the day idle.’ I once journeyed through a certain town, whose inhabitants, as I was credibly informed, like some animals, described by naturalists, passed the whole year in a state of lethargy. You might hear them snore as they sauntered through the streets, and a witty friend observed to me, that there the common forms of salutation ought to be changed, and that two people, when they met, instead of asking each other ‘how they did,’ should ask how they *slept*, or whether they had *pleasant dreams!* At Clumsy College, where I had my education, governors and pupils stood for the most part idle. The *heads* of the college were sometimes lifted up, when some braying dunce vociferated his declamation, but ‘the still small voice’ of genius rarely interrupted their learned repose. To such a drowsy education, the candid reader of these discourses must attribute the tediousness and insipidity of the Lay Preacher.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE TRIPOD OF HELEN....A TALE.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF MARMONTEL.

After the destruction of Troy, while the rubbish of her walls, of her temples, of her palaces was yet smoking; while Priam, his people, and his children, were buried under these blood stained ruins—while his wife and daughters were carried into captivity, the slaves of insolent conquerors; while these conquerors themselves were about to perish, some in their palaces, others in the sea; or wander, as wretched vagrants, from shore to shore, at the mercy of the winds and waves; while on the Trojan plains Achilles, Hector, the son of Telamon, were laid in dust, and a host of heroes mingled in one great sepulchre their hostile ashes; Helen and Menelaüs, re-united and reconciled, were quietly and merrily returning together to Lacedæmon: she gently complaining that he should ever have believed her faithless; he apologizing for his unjust suspicions, founded upon mistaken appearances, and faithfully promising never again to doubt her love, or distrust her fidelity: both perfectly satisfied with each other, only regretting a little that there had been so much ado about nothing.

But in their passage between the Cyclades, they were assailed by a violent tempest; and perceiving their vessel on the point of dashing to pieces, upon the rocks of the island of Cos, they made a vow to Neptune. Oh! most inconstant of immortals, whispered Helen, protect and save a woman, so like thyself. With these words she made him an offering of a golden tripod, she had saved from the pillage of Troy, and cast it into the sea. The sea forthwith became calm.

Now six hundred years after this, a vessel from Miletus happened to pass by the island of Cos, just at the moment when a fisherman of the island was casting his net into the sea, and the Milesians in the vessel proposed to the fisherman to sell them his draught, at a venture—The fisherman agreed, and drew up his net, at the bottom of which was found *the Tripod of Helen*.

What an endless contest between Cos and Miletus, to whom the treasure should belong—One side insisting that the fisherman meant to sell them nothing but the fish he should draw; the other maintaining he had sold all. War was at hand. But to avoid this extreme, the Pythian priestess was consulted, and the oracle settled the dispute by ordering them to make a present of the golden tripod *to the wisest of wise men*.

But who was the wisest of wise men? This question was as perplexing as that of the fisherman's draught. Long deliberations were held to ascertain which of the seven wise men, then flourishing, should have the preference. They must themselves advise us, said one of the consulters—Let us begin nearest home—Thales is at Miletus; let us go and ask his acceptance of our offering.

“O thou, said they, whose genius has penetrated the inmost recesses of Nature, and beguiled her of her profoundest secrets; thou who hast discovered that water is the only element, and the principle of the other elements; thou who hast endowed the world with an universal soul, and supposest that soul united to and inherent in matter as the soul of man is united to his body; if all this be true, divine Thales, receive from us this golden tripod, which Apollo has commanded us to bestow upon the wisest of the wise.”

“My friends, answered Thales, if all this were true, if I were very sure of it myself, and if I clearly conceived what I teach, I should think myself wise, indeed. But much as I puzzle myself, to find out the great enigma of nature, neither without myself, nor within myself, can I see an inch further than you. This, to be sure, is the secret of the school; but as you are sent here by Apollo, it were idle to dissemble. I have attempted to make fire with water; but I am yet to learn how, in the sun, water can make a fountain of light. The soul I wished to bestow upon the universe, to regulate its movements and direct its springs, would no doubt be a fine thing, if I could explain to myself how this universal soul could be one and the same in the vulture, and in the dove; in the tiger and the elephant, but there's the rub; 'tis the unity of its essence, and the infinite variety of its metamorphoses, which confounds my understanding. Curiosity is not knowledge; and the studies in which I bury myself are, perhaps, of those, where the feeble reason of man will never find any thing but an immense void, and solid darkness. What is called my wisdom, therefore, may possibly be nothing but my folly; for it is a folly to pry into that which it is not given to man to know. However, not to disgust my disciples, and in hopes that, in time, some corner of the great veil may be drawn up, I set them an example of hope and of courage; but in the career I

trace for them, I often go myself astray, until I know not where I am. Carry your offering to Solon: he is the man who goes straight towards the useful: his study is man, and his object to make him better, more just, and more happy.

The deputation embarked for Attica, and went to see Solon—addressing him as the wisest of wise men, they offered him the golden tripod.

You have chosen well your time, said the Athenian legislator, I am on the point of going mad. I have just now returned from a town-meeting, where I did not see a man but was dissatisfied. The sea-faring people complain that I have been partial to the farmers; and the farmers accuse me of favouring too much the city interest. Here in town 'tis worse still. Every man would have laws made to suit his own views, and to the prejudice of others. But all this is nothing. In my own house I have not a moment's quiet. You see that young female slave, pouting and whining in the corner; she's a very devil: she will make me run crazy: she is not eighteen, and yet scolds me, and pretends to be more rational than myself—Yes, yes, said Glycera, and so I am, a thousand times more; at least I deal justly—I trouble nobody; and I let every one do as they please—and, saying this, she wept bitterly.

'Tis pity to distress her, said one of the deputies, she is so pretty!—Pretty, forsooth! so she thinks herself; but she does not know that her ill humour makes her ugly. Well, if I am ugly, replied the girl, why don't you sell me? why don't you let me go?—And where wouldst thou go, little slut? where is the master who would be so kind and indulgent as I am?—Curious kindness! strange indulgence! which will not allow me the smallest liberty? Do you know, said Solon, what sort of a liberty it is that she wants? that of seeing in my house an insolent little jackanapes, who is always dangling round it, and with whom she is in love. No sooner do I go out, to the Senate, or to the Lyceum, than in my gentleman whips, and is welcomed; and when I catch them together, for all excuse, she tells me he is younger and handsomer than I. Certainly! said the girl, and so he is—let him be called back to see; and let these strangers be judges between us. Begone, you hussey, said Solon, in a pet, and let me hear no more of your pertness.

This young rogue, continued he, with whom she is in love, is one Pisistratus, who owes me a thousand obligations, and whom I myself instructed. Yet he laughs both at my lessons and my laws!—At your laws!—Yes, he is always dunning in my ears the observation of Anacharsis, the Scythian, that laws are cobwebs, which catch the small flies, and let the great ones through. And why don't you shut your doors upon this impertinent fellow? Shut my doors! why he would come in at the window. Oh, if you knew how shrewd and fascinating the young dog is! He has bribed all my slaves. Intreaties—tears—presents—he has them all at command. He is full of grace and ingenuity; and, when I listen to him, he has the address even to pacify me. Truly, 'tis worth while, says he, my venerable master, for you and me to quarrel for a slave! Were you as young as I am, and I as old as you, should not I let you have her? ask yourself, which of us two, can best do without her. You are sensible that such arguments as these are not without their weight. Then, if I drive him to despair, he will go, and accuse me, and run me down among the people—he will tell them I am in love, and jealous. Young as he is, he has more influence than I. He listens to the discontented, caresses them; ingratiates himself with them; and then comes back, and tells me I shall never do any thing with this people, without his interference; that, in giving up the Athenians to their own genius, I do not know them; that they are vain, light, thoughtless, capricious, ungrateful, fond of novelty; that they will commit nothing but blunders, if they have not at their head a man of firmness and address, who knows how to lead them; and that he himself will be that man. A resolute fellow, indeed, said the deputies; and a dangerous one too, said Solon. He has, as I told you, the art of flattering, that is, the art of governing the multitude. He boasts of it, and declares he will fold them up, as in a net; and after he has put me quite in a passion, by his threats, he defies me not to be fond of him, and swears, by the great gods, that I shall always be his friend, in spite of myself. You clearly see, gentlemen, that a man who suffers himself to be teazed and tormented, by a couple of young mad-caps, is not the wise man you are looking for. I advise you to go to Thales of Miletus: he is the man who possesses his soul in peace, and finds happiness at home.

Truly, said the deputies, we began with him; but he made us his confession of folly, as well as you. What! has he got a little female slave too to make him mad; a young rake-hell who makes love to her, and a wrong-headed people, whom he cannot bring to harmonize together? No; but he finds it as hard to combine the elements, as you to govern man; his folly, as he says, is in attempting to explain what he does not understand.

Well then, returned Solon, go to Bias: he lives quiet, and in retirement, in his little town of Priene; he undertakes to explain nothing but the king of Egypt's riddles, and the king of Ethiopia's logoriphs. As to the mysteries of nature, he declares, he knows nothing about them. He lets the world go as it pleases, without undertaking to be its regulator; and, to be free from all anxiety and care, he has renounced knowledge, as well as riches.—So they went to Bias.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

Notwithstanding the usual gravity of Cowper's muse, we know that, at times, she could unbend and laugh at the quackery of Katterfelto, or the bad horsemanship of John Gilpin. Cowper has written in various styles, and in various metres; and has descended, from the solemnity of blank verse, to the lighter ode, and the instructive fable. In this last species of composition, I think, he is peculiarly happy. La Fontaine is a wag, and Gay too often makes his Elephant or his Spaniel hold a language unsuitable to their habits and character. But Cowper, more judicious, is faithful to nature; and in the following fable, which is of a most pleasing cast, we read a lesson of prudence in the easiest diction of poetry.

A poet's cat, sedate and grave,
As poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks to which she might retire,
And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think,
I know not where she caught the trick—
Nature, perhaps, herself had cast her
In such a mould *philosophique*,
Or else she learn'd it of her master.
Sometimes ascending, debonnair,
An apple tree, or lofty pear,
Lodg'd with convenience in the fork,
She watch'd the gardner at his work;
Sometimes her ease and solace sought
In an old empty watering pot,
There, wanting nothing, save a fan,
To seem some nymph in her sedan,
Aparrll'd in exactest sort,
And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change it seems has place
Not only in our wiser race,
Cats also feel, as well as we,
That passion's force, and so did she.
Her climbing, she began to find,
Expos'd her too much to the wind;
And the old utensil of tin,
Was cold and comfortless within;
She, therefore, wish'd, instead of those,
Some place of more serene repose,
Where neither cold might come, nor air
Too rudely wanton with her hair,
And sought it in the likeliest mode
Within her master's snug abode.

A drawer, it chanc'd, at bottom lin'd
With linen of the softest kind,
With such as merchants introduce,
From India, for the lady's use,
A drawer impending o'er the rest,
Half open in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough, and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there.
Puss, with delight, beyond expression,
Survey'd the scene, and took possession.
Recumbent at her ease, ere long,
And lull'd by her own humdrum song,
She left the cares of life behind,
And slept as she would sleep her last,
When in came, housewifely inclin'd,
The chambermaid, and shut it fast.
By no malignity impell'd
But all unconscious whom it held.

Awaken'd by the shock, cries Puss,
'Was ever cat attended thus!
The open drawer was left I see
Merely to prove a nest for me.
For soon as I was well compos'd,
Then came the maid, and it was clos'd:
How smooth these 'kerchiefs, and how neat,
Oh! what a delicate retreat!
I will resign myself to rest,
Till Sol, declining to the west,
Shall call to supper; when, no doubt,
Susan will come, and let me out.

The ev'ning came, the sun descended,
And Puss remain'd still unattended;
The night roll'd tardily away,
With her, indeed, 'twas never day.
The sprightly morn her course renew'd,
The evening gray again ensued,
And Puss came into mind no more,
Than if entomb'd the day before.
With hunger pinch'd, and pinch'd for room,
She now presag'd approaching doom,
Nor slept a single wink, nor purr'd,
Conscious of jeopardy incurr'd.

That night, by chance, the poet watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching;
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said—'what's that?'
He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peep'd, but nothing spied,
Yet, by his ear directed, guess'd
Something imprison'd in the chest,
And doubtful what, with prudent care,
Resolv'd it should continue there.
At length a voice, which well he knew,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consol'd him, and dispell'd his fears;
He left his bed, he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the drawers explore,
The lowest first, and without stop,
The rest in order to the top.
For 'tis a truth, well known to most,
That whatsoe'er thing is lost,
We seek it ere it come to light
In every cranny, but the right;
Forth skipp'd the cat; not now replete,
As erst, with airy self-conceit;
Nor in her own fond apprehension,
A theme for all the world's attention,
But modest, sober, cur'd of all
The notions hyperbolical;
And wishing for her place of rest
Any thing rather than a chest.
Then stept the poet into bed,
With this reflection in his head—

MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence!
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around, in all that's done,
Must move and act for him alone,
Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

—

My classical readers will follow me in perusing, with no slight approbation, the following imitation of one of the gayest of Horace's epistles.

Since you, my friend, without one courtly sneer,
Can sit on oak, and feast on country cheer,
To supper come, and come in easy guise,
Ere Phœbus sets, or noxious damps arise.

Light is my claret—S. is strictly true,
The importer he, the vintage fifty two,
For meat the brook can eels and trout supply,
My barn a chicken, and my doves a pie.

Then come, your fav'rite Chillingworth resign
For social converse, harmless mirth and wine,
Since this fair eve precedes the auspicious morn
On which, thank heaven, our George, the good was born.
We'll sit, uncensur'd, chat the hours away,
Till light appears, then grateful toast the day.
Plagued with no doubts, unanxious for an heir,
Free from lean avarice, and the gripe of care,
Be mine to quaff, and stretch in careless ease,
And fools may call me thoughtless if they please.

Though little cost adorns my friendly treat,
At least the furniture is plainly neat,
Each knife well whetted, each exactly keen,
In each bright dish your face is clearly seen;
The cloth is fair as Kitty's panting breast,
And all may satisfy an easy guest.
Nor dread, my friend, to see a motley train
Of clamorous blockheads, or of pertly vain;
I hate disputes, and hold this general rule,
'Tis fretful labour to oppose a fool.
No reverend Doctor, with important face,
Who palms stupidity for heavenly grace,
O'er whose broad head fat waves unwieldy flow
Impartial emolems of the brains below;
Who in polemics shews Herculean power,
When not oppos'd, and dulls the festive hour,
None such expect: I'll bid a sprightly few,
Or leave the choice of company to you.
These are my terms; if grateful these, attend,
And quit a wife, one night, to please a friend.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

[Continued.]

In 1773, he showed the world that his studies were not confined to ornamental and elegant literature; but that many of his hours had been spent in such useful inquiries, as might tend to the general benefit of mankind. He published a pamphlet, full of good sense and philanthropy, intitled, 'Observations on the present state of the Parochial and Vagrant Poor,' 8vo. in which the cause of that unhappy part of the community is pleaded with much perspicacity of observation, and persuasive energy, against oppressive or defective laws, and avaricious parish officers. Mr. Gilbert, in a bill brought into the house of commons, in 1782, seems to have offered expedients for the prevention of imposition on the one hand, and tyranny on the other, in some cases very similar to those proposed by Scott.

In the summer of 1775, Mr. Hoole paid a family visit at Amwell, accompanied with Dr. Johnson and Miss Williams. They staid at Amwell some days, to the mutual satisfaction of Dr. Johnson and Scott; whose kindness for each other was not a little strengthened by this domestic intercourse. Scott led Dr. Johnson to take a view of his gardens, which were then completed; who, with great pleasantry, termed the grotto *Fairy Hall*, and said, with a smile, that 'none but a poet could have made such a garden.' It appears from the epistle, intitled 'The Garden,' that the taste of Scott, afterwards more cultivated, would not suffer him always to view his improved grounds with the same complacency.

He had long determined to prove his powers in descriptive poetry, and to celebrate the beauties of his favourite village. He now greatly enlarged the first plan of his 'Prospect of Ware,' and rendered it interesting by the introduction of historical allusions, and moral reflections, with the addition of explanatory notes. In 1776, he published his performance, under the title of 'Amwell, a descriptive Poem,' 4to. with his name. He had bestowed much attention on this poem; and its reception by the critics in general, and by poetical readers, was such as, from its merit, might be expected.

He employed his pen, at times, on various anonymous pamphlets, and essays on miscellaneous subjects; and particularly in vindication of the principles of political freedom, which he had invariably espoused. His peculiar attachment to the popular part of our constitution, made him regard, with jealousy, the influence of the crown and of the aristocracy. His active and public spirit would not permit him to remain an uninterested spectator, when any occasion offered for showing his exertions for the good of the community. The calm and dispassionate temper of the man of study and retirement, was lost in the season of party and turbulence, when it may reasonably be imputed as a crime for any member of society to observe a frigid neutrality. He disapproved of the conduct of government in the American war; and notwithstanding his unfeigned veneration for the character of Dr. Johnson, he published two pamphlets in answer to his 'Patriot' and 'False Alarm;' and is said to have prepared an answer to his 'Taxation no Tyranny.' On these subjects the writings of Scott have much clearness of argument, strength of style, and warmth of zeal for that cause which he had espoused, upon generous and deliberate principles.

When the poems attributed to Rowley, were published by Mr. Tyrwhitt, in 1777, Scott openly pronounced them the forgeries of Chatterton, and disputed their authenticity in two judicious and well written letters, in the Gentleman's Magazine, for July and August 1777, and produced the first arguments on that side, except what are contained in a letter, in the same Magazine, for May 1777.

In 1778, he undertook, with a friendly zeal, the defence of his friend, Dr. Beattie, from an anonymous attack, in the Gentleman's Magazine, for not continuing his 'Essay on Truth,' in a letter in the same Magazine, for March following, to which he signed his name; and received Dr. Beattie's acknowledgment upon the occasion.

The same year he favoured the public with a work of great labour and utility, intitled *Digests of the General Highway and Turnpike Laws, with the schedule of forms, as directed by act of Parliament, with remarks. Also an Appendix on the construction and preservation of Roads*, 8vo. In this compilation all the acts of Parliament, in force, are collected together, and placed in one point of view; and their contents are arranged under distinct heads. The appendix, on the construction and preservation of roads, is, perhaps, the only scientific treatise on the subject. Nothing more distinguishes this work, than the humane and benevolent spirit that breathes through all his observations. The first sketch of this work appeared in 1773, under the title of 'A digest of the Highway Laws,' 8vo.

The same year he published, without his name, four Moral Eclogues, 4to. in which he professes to have endeavoured to exhibit a specimen of genuine and simple pastoral. But it was now no time for pastoral poetry to attract curiosity, when probably the merits of Theocritus and Virgil, infused into an English muse, could have been little attended to.

The Latin motto from Virgil, prefixed to these eclogues, was given him by Dr. Beattie; who, in one of his letters, speaks highly of the eclogue intitled 'Armyn,' which he appears to have seen in manuscript; and he expresses himself, respecting the variety of Scott's publications, in the following manner:

'I am astonished at the activity of your friend, and the versatility of your genius. It is truly amazing that one and the same person should in one and the same year, publish the most elegant poems, and *a digest of the laws relating to the highways*. Go on, sir, in your laudable resolution of delighting and instructing mankind, of patronizing the poor, and promoting the public weal."

He had long desired to be known to the Wartons, of whose critical and poetical abilities he was a great admirer; and about Christmas 1781, he was introduced, by Mr. Hoole, to the two brothers, who were highly pleased with his unaffected frankness, and amiable simplicity. He expressed the warmest wishes to cultivate their acquaintance, which they were no less desirous to improve; but they parted to meet no more!

In the spring of 1782, he published a collection of his poems, which he had long projected, under the title of 'The Poetical Works of John Scott, Esq.' in one volume, 8vo. which, besides what had been formerly printed, was enriched by the addition of Amœbæn Eclogues, Oriental Eclogues, Odes, Epistles, Sonnets, and Miscellaneous Pieces.

The public gave a very favourable reception to this collection, which he had spared no pains to render as correct as possible; and the volume was very elegantly printed, and embellished by a variety of beautiful engravings, particularly a frontispiece by Bartolozzi, from a design of Angelica Kauffman; and a head of the author by Hall, from a painting by Townsend.

The remarks on this article, in the Critical Review, for July 1782, were introduced by some trifling witticisms and ill placed raillery, highly reprehensible in a literary censor, whose duty it is to deliver his sentiments with impartiality. Speaking of the plates, with which the volume is decorated, the Reviewer observes: 'To say the truth, there is a profusion of ornament and finery about this book, not quite suitable to the plainness and simplicity of the Barclean system; but Mr. Scott is fond of the Muses, and wishes, we suppose, like Captain Macheath, to see his ladies well dressed.'

Scott, justly offended at this indecent behaviour, and little accustomed to disguise his sentiments, was induced, with inconsiderate warmth, to publish 'A letter to the Critical Reviewers, &c.' 8vo. 1782, in which he expostulated with them on their conduct. This letter produced a second article in the next Review; and to this Scott replied again, by a letter inserted in one of the newspapers, which closed this unpleasant controversy, in which he had engaged, contrary to the opinion of his friends.

The same year, he addressed an amicable 'Letter to the Editor of the European Magazine,' objecting to the account of his Poetical Works, in their September Magazine, which he thought degrading, not 'on account of the manner, but the matter of it.' 'The gentleman, he says, who wrote the article, has treated me civilly; his strictures, therefore, seem to be the result of incompetent judgment, or superficial examination. To the memoirs you have given

of my life, I have nothing to object; the information obtained is authentic, and expressed in a liberal and courteous manner.' This correspondence has escaped the notice of Mr. Hoole; but it deserves attention, as it contains his opinion of his own compositions, and as it serves to authenticate the particulars of his life, recorded in the European Magazine.

From the time of his second marriage till his death, he seems to have enjoyed a life of great tranquillity, gratified with the elegant and unblameable pleasures resulting from a well-cultivated mind, and possessed of a wife, whose disposition ensured him a perpetual source of domestic peace. He mentions her with unaffected tenderness in his poem of Amwell; and addresses a copy of verses to her, written in the same year, and inserted in his Poetical works, twelve years after his marriage.

He commenced a critic on Denham, Pope, and Thomson, in a correspondence with his friends, Cockfield and Turner, in 1756 and 1761. He afterwards minutely examined some of the productions of Milton, Dyer, Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith, and had long designed to impart his strictures to the world. He corrected this work for the press, under the title of 'Critical Essays on some of the Poems of several English Poets,' in 1783; but did not live to superintend the publication.

His wife having lately laboured under a very serious complaint, for which he was anxious to have the best advice, he accompanied her to London, October 25, 1783; and on the 1st of December following, was attacked with a putrid fever, the symptoms of which, from the beginning, were judged to be dangerous. On the 12th of December, eleven days after he was seized, having retained his senses to the last, with his understanding at all times clear and unimpaired, he died at his house in Ratcliffe, in the 54th year of his age. He was buried in the Quaker burying-ground at Ratcliffe, on the 18th of the same month, his funeral being attended by a select number of relations and friends. He left behind him a widow and daughter, their only child, about six years old.

After his death, his Critical Essays being nearly ready for publication, it was thought adviseable to prefix some account of his life to the posthumous volume. Mr. David Barclay, grandson of the great Apologist, applied to Dr. Johnson, to undertake the arrangement of the materials he would endeavour to furnish. To this application Dr. Johnson returned the following answer, dated Ashbourne, Sept. 16, 1784.

"As I have made some advances towards recovery, and loved Scott, I am willing to do justice to his memory. You will be pleased to get what account you can of his life, with dates, where they can be had; and when I return, we will contrive how our materials can be best employed."

The death of Dr. Johnson, which happened Dec. 13, having frustrated the kind intentions of Mr. Barclay, and put an end to his expectations of procuring to him so honourable a testimony to the merits of his deceased friend, he prevailed upon Mr. Hoole to become his biographer; who executed the task in a manner that reflects much credit on his candour, modesty, and judgment.

A second edition of his Poetical Works was printed in 8vo. 1786. They are now reprinted, from the edition of 1786, with the 'Description of the Æolian Harp,' and the 'Verses on Fear,' reprinted from the Gentleman's Magazine, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

The character of the amiable and benevolent 'poet of Amwell,' as delineated by Mr. Hoole, who knew him well, seems to be a powerful rival, in point of philanthropy, to that of the worthy and public-spirited 'Man of Ross.'

"In his person he was tall and slender, but his limbs were remarkably strong and muscular; he was very active, and delighted much in walking; his countenance was cheerful and animated. The active member of society, the public-spirited man, and contemplative student, were all united in Scott. He was not only a lover and cultivator of polite literature, but, though not used to any profession, was no idle member of the community; he busied himself in many concerns that tended to the good of his neighbourhood. He knew how to blend the elegant with the useful; and such as had little predilection for the author of the Elegies, were forward enough to give their suffrage to those merits that promoted the good of general life. As he was well-informed in the laws of his country, he was ever disposed to stand forward in the arbitration of any differences between his neighbours; he frequently interfered in the lesser quarrels and distresses of the poor inhabitants; and, to apply his own emphatical words in the Vicar of Amwell,

> ——Oft heard and oft reliev'd
> Their little wants; oft heard and oft compos'd,
> Sole arbiter, their little broils——

"He is reported to have been, at one time, a sportsman; but in consequence of a humane and rational opinion, that men had no right to destroy or torment any of the animal creation, for mere diversion, he, for many years before his death, totally relinquished the diversions of shooting and fishing.

"He certainly possessed a general knowledge in, and acquaintance with books. That he made any great progress in the languages, there is little reason to suppose; he, indeed, might attain some knowledge of the Latin; but that knowledge was very slender. From his inclination to know something of the excellencies of those poets, who have so long held their claim to admiration, he seems, by a few remarks and references, to have looked into some of the Augustan writers, particularly Virgil, whose spirit would have been highly congenial to one whose professed aim was purity and correctness; but I think there is little room to believe, that those occasional researches were ever improved into any thing like the familiar perusal of a Latin classic. He had no acquaintance with the French or Italian.

"He had a constant desire to be acquainted with every character of learning or genius. He often regretted that he had not known the late Mr. Garrick; of whom, though he never went to the theatres, he had conceived a high idea; and, indeed, he has frequently expressed to me a strong curiosity to have seen him act.

"He imparted, without any disguise, his real feeling and sentiments on his own works, or on the works of others. His manner of reading verse was very peculiar, yet such as seemed to give him a strong perception of harmony; at the same time he frequently confessed to me, that he read ill, and was well pleased to have his lines repeated by another. This is a very common defect in authors; Goldsmith, one of the most harmonious and easy poets, was a very unskilful reader.

"He was a great lover of music, but had no practical knowledge of it. He preferred the time for poetical composition, when the rest of the family were in bed; and it was frequently his custom to sit in a dark room, and when he had composed a number of lines, he would go into another room, where a candle was burning, in order to commit them to paper. Though in general very regular in his hour of retiring to rest, he would sometimes be up great part of the night, when he was engaged in any literary work."

(To be Continued.)

MISCELLANY.

FROM "THE LOOKER-ON."

"Ex fronte et vultu, etiam in ipso oris silentio, natura loquitur." LACTANTIUS.

Nature speaks in the forehead, in the looks, and even in our very silence.

It appears, without doubt, a little extraordinary, considering the returning fondness of the age for the occult sciences, that I should so long have forborne to give the public a description of my physiognomy. The truth is, if I understand myself right, I have so proper a sense of my own disparity in this particular, and am, at the same time, so apprehensive of forfeiting the little favour I may have conciliated among my fair country-women, that I dare not come forward. Without proclaiming, therefore, the length of my nose, or the width of my forehead, I shall merely give my readers the outline of my figure.

I am a little pinched-up old man, and look as if I had been cased and embalmed a century and a half. My mother tells me that I am the very counterpart of my great-grandfather; and that when I have on my figured roquelaure, or my purple coat, with the large cuffs, she can almost persuade herself that our ancestor's portrait is walking out of its frame. It has been a remarkable peculiarity in the Olive-branch family, that they have all looked as old at twenty-five as at sixty-three; and it used to be no small diversion to me to see myself led to the great chair, with a soft bottom to it, by the fire-side, at every first visit at a neighbour's house, before I had turned the corner of thirty. Old Lady Downhill, who had heard at least twenty cuckoos more than myself, would never let me stoop to pick up my glove, and would often make a tender of her arm in walking to church. It used to give me pleasure to remark the freedoms the young ladies could allow themselves in my presence; and my ears have been regaled with little histories and confessions of the most interesting kind, while I have been thought fast asleep by the chimney-corner. I can very well remember that when I was at school, the formality of my face got me the nick-name of Conjuror; and in the year sixty-one, when I was about eight-and-twenty, I was asked if I remembered king William's landing. As I am even to this day without a beard (another characteristic of the Olive-branch family) no change has been remarked in my appearance these forty years; and I seem to have stood in a sort of winter solstice ever since I came to the age of maturity. My friend, the Projector, who is a mighty calculator of nativities, used to insist upon it, that I should die before I reached thirty; and is at a loss what to believe, when he looks in my patriarchial countenance, and considers the decay of his own constitution.

Having now said all that is discreet to say respecting my own physiognomy, I shall go on to the consideration of the study itself, which seems to take so strong a possession of some person's fancies. Physiognomy, like every other object of human inquiry, has been dyed in the various colours of caprice and enthusiasm. Our passion for systematizing all our perceptions, has kept us ever at issue with the anomalies and irregularities of nature; and our struggles to bring them to an accommodation has forced us upon inventions and suppositions, in which our fancies have disclaimed all measure and controul. No man, it is certain, should let himself loose in any new province of study, before he has well considered its nature, use, and limits. We may run mad in the soberest pursuits, without a due sense of the imbecility of our minds, and the imperfection of our plans.

There is a fundamental difference to be attended to in in the nature and capabilities of different subjects. Some are susceptible of demonstration

as far as they go; while others are purely complexional and arbitrary, and depend upon our stock of observation, and the progress of our judgments. It is thus with physiognomy—No reasoning can raise it into a science, nor form it into a collection of general rules, to decide for all mankind: but every man will still determine for himself: and the same countenance will continue, in spite of our systems, to invite confidence, and alarm distrust, as it is viewed with different associations, impressions, and prejudices. It is in vain that we bring in the aids of analogy, and appeal to the support of authority; the system is daily discountenanced, as a system, by glaring facts, and positive experience.

But although the testimony of fixed signs, such as the length of the nose, or the shape of the forehead, can never run parallel with observation and experience, yet it has always been clear to me, that there are certain fluctuating evidences which may be pretty much depended upon. When I see a dimpled smile upon the cheek, that is not merely local, but spreads a soft lustre over the whole face, I am immediately thrown off my guard, my bosom is in a manner unlocked of its treasures, and my soul peeps out at my eyes. Such a smile had Eugenio, in giving utterance to some worthy sentiment, or in pronouncing the name of his Amelia.

There are, doubtless, a great many other running characters and expressions, which throw an unequivocal light on the qualities of the mind: but I would as soon pretend to judge of a book by its title-page, as pronounce upon my neighbour's disposition or genius from the shape of his features.

It must be owned, however, so far in favour of fixed signs, that the constant exercise of particular muscles in the face, in the expression of the same feelings of the mind, may give them in the end a particular contour and character. But the ancient philosophers, who were many of them great physiognomists, persuaded themselves that the original shape of the features invariably announced the original propensities of the mind; while they acknowledged that the interference of reason, education, and habit, might prevent the influence of these propensities on our lives. Thus Philemon reported as badly of Hippocrates, from the observation of his countenance, as Zopyrus of Socrates; and both their accounts were confirmed by the confession of those great men themselves, who at the same time expressed their obligations to philosophy, which had controuled this malignity of their stars, and given a new turn to their thoughts and behaviour.

All this, however, is vague and unsatisfactory, their being no proof but the confession of these sages themselves, that their dispositions were originally more dangerous than the rest of mankind; and there are no greater impositions than those which we practise on ourselves in the estimation of our own qualities. Our opinions, therefore, must always remain without confirmation, as to those qualities and dispositions of a man's heart or head, of which we have had no practical testimony. Thus, though it would be obstinacy to doubt that the influence of philosophy might meliorate dispositions originally bad, yet no certain proofs can be obtained that such has been the case in this or that particular instance; and I should question, on the other hand, notwithstanding such grave authority, whether the most promising set of features in the world would redeem us from depravity or folly, without the aid of culture, and the exercise of reason.

Physiognomy, in its earliest state, was wrapped in absurdity and error; and in its general notion included the doctrine of materialism, by supposing a closer connexion between the mind and body, than is consistent with religion or reason. Thus Plato, Aristotle, and Galen, held absurd conjectures on this head, and imagined an elemental affinity between our corporeal and spiritual natures. Hermes first adopted a different theory, and taught that there existed a certain analogy between the mind and body, without admitting any physical connexion: thus, according to him, courage is represented by amplitude of chest; quickness of thought, by celerity of pace; and clearness of intellect, by composure of countenance: and this notion seems to have been favoured by Milton, in describing the person of the first man—

> His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
> Absolute rule, &c.

Philo-Lacedæmonius comes nearer to the opinion I have already submitted to my readers, and attends almost solely to the temporary and changeable expressions of the face. I do not recognize any material improvement of this study in modern times, and I fear that our attempts to reduce it to a science, will ever terminate in confusion nnd embarrassment. Every one may enrich it by the force of his own observations, may consult attentively the inexhaustible variety of specimens which every day supplies to him, and collect rules for his own judgment from the average of these experiences; but these rules must be bred afresh in every man's mind, and cannot devolve through any line of inheritance, or be propagated through any channels of instruction.

The reader may, perhaps, be amused by the following letters, which were put into my hands yesterday morning, and which gave me the thought on which my present paper has turned.

To the Rev. Simon Olive-branch.

Complacent Sir,

What a succession of absurdities have flowed in upon us, since men began to philosophize! A set of impostors in every art have at all times been spawned out of the weakness and credulity of our minds, who have found their account in obstructing the progresss of truth and knowledge, by occupying as much as possible of our little lives, about idle and unfruitful novelties. Thus augury, astrology, geomancy, koskinomancy, divination, witchcraft, magic, and magnetism have all had their turns, as the posture of men's minds, and the bias of the moment, have favoured the one or the other. Those must have been delightful times, when every family had some one belonging to it, whose head was turned with one or other of these chimeras.

I can speak feelingly on this subject, as a nephew of mine, who has been long in my counting-house, and has hitherto given proofs of very solid parts, is lately gone wild with the prevailing conceits about physiognomy. When a merchant enters the room, he takes out his pencil, and instead of making memorandums, minutes down the proportions of his face, makes an entry of his nose and mouth; and if his business detain my customer long enough, will squeeze his whole head and shoulders into the margin of his waste-book.

I found the other day, instead of an order of great amount, half an ear, a high forehead, and a pair of lantern jaws; and some of my best friends have been cavalierly treated for having too narrow a mouth. My ledger, which it was once my pride to see clean and neat, is now dashed over with eyes and noses; and my entries for blonds, lace, ribbands, and fans, are made in the names of Cardinal Bentivoglio, Charles XII. and the Chevalier Bayard. I have frequently attacked him, though surrounded by these heroes, with threats and remonstrances, and have sometimes imagined myself on the point of prevailing. But if the malady give way in one part, it is sure to break out somewhere else, and is a kind of inveterate humour that circulates through the whole mass.

Within these three or four days he is grown less studious of the face, and seems to lay much greater stress upon the hand-writing. He will accept a bill without looking at the signature, if the shape of the O be to his mind, and bears a proper testimony of openness and integrity. Every bit of paper, that contains any writing upon it, is in jeopardy if it come within his reach; and the other day a piece of roasting beef, discovering the back of a letter, with a fine flourish upon it, was arrested in its progress before the fire, and stripped in a moment. I cannot help suspecting that I saw a scrap of my own hand-writing, at the tail of some stupid remarks on narrowness of mind; and a little crooked E, which I learned from my father, has been brought in evidence against me and my whole family, for I don't know how many generations backwards.

When this flying disorder was thus lodged in the fingers' ends, I thought there was some hope of its going altogether; but, alas! it begins already to shew itself in the legs; and a man cannot walk a yard without betraying the emotions and qualities of his heart and head. I find also that he takes into the calculation the tones and inflexions of the voice; and his hair is cut above his ears, I suppose to facilitate the entrance of every cadence and semi-tone.

Now, sir, if this rage should spread much, we must begin to talk with our fingers, and manufacture words like yarn; for no man will be able to look you in the face, or speak, or write, without disclosing every secret of his bosom. As my nephew reads the Looker-on, your admission of this letter may turn out greatly to his benefit, and will much oblige,

Your's faithfully,

Benj. Invoice.

To the Rev. Simon Olive-branch.

Worthy Simon,

I do not doubt but that it will give you greater pleasure to be informed of any new invention of public utility, than of any new shape or instance of folly or degeneracy. I am the author of a discovery which I think of great and general importance, as it supplies a method, that is perfectly innocent, of coming at the real character of those with whom we are connected. When I was a little boy, I could tell, by my father's manner of stirring the fire, at his return from 'Change, the price of stocks, and the news at Lloyd's. If things went ill, he would spend half an hour in beating it down, till the same gloom was created in the parlour that prevailed in the alley; but if a fleet had just arrived, he would be sure to raise the flame to give it a warm reception.

My observations stood me in great stead during my apprenticeship; and the sound of the poker over-head, when my master came home to dinner, like the bar before the entrance of an opera singer, acquainted me at once with the disposition I should find him in when I went upstairs; whether I was to be reproached for foppery and neglect, or commended for my decency and diligence.

I have since frequented clubs and parish meetings, and have always foreseen, by the aid of this criterion, who was to be the speaker, and what turn the argument was to take. I know, the moment a man advances to the poker, that there is something stirring in his head; and when the subject has been politics, I have been able to pronounce, from a violent raking of the bottom bar, that his indignation would be directed against places and pensions. I can now

determine, at a morning call, whether or not I am to be asked to dinner, by the use that is made of the poker. Whenever I have any business to settle, I desire to talk it over before the fire; and no man handles my money, till I know how he handles my poker. Authors are the only characters out of my reach, who are seldom seen to stir a fire on any provocation; either because they have no fire at home to stir, or because they are seldom placed within the reach of them abroad.

Thus, sir, do I call over the coals every man I meet; and the course of my discoveries can only be suspended by a warm summer, or a detention of the colliers. You will at once see the advantage of my practice over physiognomy, chirography, chiromanchy, or any other occult art, as a touch of the wind-colic may stamp a very good-natured fellow a churl; hand-writing may be forged, and the hand itself be hardened by labour; but the plan I offer will always be practicable, while cold pinches, and fire burns.

Your's, with great warmth,

Peter Poker.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

BIRD V. BOLTON.

Mr. Garrow stated that this action was brought by the plaintiff to recover damages for the most serious injury a man could receive. His learned friend (Mr. Erskine) had observed, that, in these causes, it was impossible to advance any thing new; *he*, however, never failed at least to say old things in a new manner. Not being able to boast of so much invention and ingenuity, he should at once proceed to lay before the Jury the circumstances on which they had to decide. The parties were in very different ranks of life—the defendant being a colonel in the army, and the plaintiff only an officer's servant. This was no reason why equal justice should not be administered between them, or why the injury complained of should be considered trifling. After entering, with some minuteness, into the facts which were to be proved, Mr. G. observed that it might be proper to anticipate an objection which would probably be urged on the other side. When Mr. Bird married his wife she did not come a virgin to his arms. She had been previously seduced by a general officer, to whom she had borne two children. But surely this was no excuse for the defendant's conduct, either at law or in conscience. Because a female had once erred from the path of virtue, was she to be considered open to the attempts of every libertine? His learned friend on the left (Mr. Parke) was a subscriber to a benevolent institution, which had proved that women, far more degraded than ever Mrs. Bird had been, might be reclaimed from vice, and made patterns of every female virtue. This couple were happy together, and the defendant must answer for the misery he had occasioned.

A copy of the marriage register being put in, from which it appeared that the ceremony took place at Lincoln in 1783.

William Burke was called. He said he knew the plaintiff at Madras, in the East Indies, and came home with him in 1793; Mrs. Bird was then living at No. 2, Wells street, Jermyn-street, with her two natural children; the plaintiff lived along with her very happily; she is now living with colonel Bolton, at No. 18, Great Pulteney street.

Mr. Whitney proved that the woman the plaintiff married in 1783, is the same now living with the defendant.

Mrs. Bailey said, that the plaintiff and his wife lived with her three months in 1783, and seemed very happy. They had called upon her together a few days ago.

Mr. Erskine asked her if the plaintiff had not expressed perfect satisfaction at his wife's present mode of life?

Mrs. B. replied, that he said he was very happy that the colonel took care of her, as he was not able to do so himself.

Lord Ellenborough immediately interfered upon this proof, that the plaintiff consented to his own disgrace, and directed a nonsuit.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Caleb Pentweazle, in Foote's farce, describing his fellow passengers, in the York waggon, says there was "a fat cook, a blackamoor drumming man, two actor people, a recruiting sergeant, a monkey, and I." This whimsical group is a lively emblem of the hodge podge of a *democracy*. Wherever you see a medley of *people*, composed of aliens, fugitives, and fanatics, all upon an equality, la voila a Pentweazle, "actor people, and a monkey."

—

In *the course of my morning's reading*, in the works of one, who understood the nature of government much better than the *philosophical* pretenders, or insolent foreigners, in America, I learn, that *factions*, in *republics*, have been, and are full as capable as Monarchs, of the *most cruel oppression and injustice*. It is but too true, that the love, and even the very idea of *genuine* liberty is extremely rare. It is but too true, that there are many whose whole scheme of freedom is made up of pride, perverseness, and insolence. They feel themselves in a state of thraldom, they imagine that their souls are cooped and cabined in, unless they have some man, or some body of men, dependent on their mercy.

—

The Editors of the Gazette of the U. States, in a very sensible essay on the propriety of an uniform standard of English orthography, have declared their determination to follow, with scrupulous accuracy, the authority of Dr. Johnson. They cannot find a better guide through the mazes of philology.

—

As rude health partakes too much of the country, and of course is not very pleasing to people of taste, a dashing young fellow acquires by his midnight vigils a pallid meagre visage, which generally denotes an intimate knowledge of the town.

—

Cowley, very truly, though somewhat harshly, says, the civilest of all nations are those whom we account the most barbarous. There is some moderation, and good nature, among certain of the cannibals, who eat none but their enemies, whilst we learned and polite, and Christian Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon every thing we can swallow.

—

The following stanza combines good advice, and good poetry—

The wise example of the heavenly lark,
Thy fellow poet, Cowley, mark
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound
Thy humble nest build on the ground.

—

Dean Swift, in his admirable discourse, concerning the mechanical operation of the spirit, a tract, which our *fanatics*, both political and religious, would do well to read, avers it would be hard to assign one art or science, which has not annexed to it some *fanatic* branch: such are the philosopher's stone; the grand elixir; the squaring of the circle, and *Utopian commonwealths*.

A droll wag of an author, a saucy sneerer at those topics, which the gravity of dullness always treats most gravely, laughs loudly at Madame le Prince de Beaumont, for saying that "a well educated young woman will never undertake the marriage duties, without thinking as seriously of them, as of her latter end."

—

Of the *old* Annual Register, the best work of the kind that has ever appeared, the present proprietors thus correctly express their praise: "The unprecedented preference that Dodsley's Annual Register has experienced, in every nation of Europe, is a proof of its superior excellence. This excellence consists in a faithful recital of every political and domestic occurrence, during the most important period, which is conveyed to the reader in a style so animated and correct, that the Annual Register is, with justice, considered a standard of our language. The work is also interspersed with various original essays and poems, as well as literary criticisms and selections, the merits of which have, in no small degree, contributed to its acknowledged value. It is only necessary to add, that the whole was conducted and principally written by that penetrating statesman, and elegant scholar, Edmund Burke; and it will remain, as long as true Genius continues to be admired, an unfading monument of his superlative abilities."

—

PARODY OF SHAKSPEARE.

I do rember a fortune teller,
Up yon dark stairs he lives; whom late I noted,
In motley gown, and brow o'erwhelming night cap,
Gulling of simplerons:
For fond credulity had made him fam'd:
And on his table a black book flew open,
With circles, scrawls, charms, spells, and talismans
Of ill-shap'd characters: and against the arras
White flitting sprites, by magic lanthorn cast,
And hollow sounds, and rustling whispers heard,
Did make the vulgar planet struck with awe.
Noting his cozenage, to myself I said,
An if a damsel did a sweet-heart need,
Or prize in fortune's wheel, or dream come true,
To please the wanton fancy of her mind,
Here is a wond'rous man would shew her how.
See how they steal at dusk into his house,
For to morrow is St. Valentine's fair day.

—

BLITHSOME CHERRY.

A favourite new song, sung by Mrs. Bland, composed by Dr. Arnold, written by Dr. Houlton.

In Wales, beneath a mountain's brow,
I liv'd and cheerful milk'd my cow,
No kid could bound more merry;
In russet gown, with apron blue,
And smart round hat, o'er fields I flew,
They call'd me *blithesome Cherry:*
On the mountain's brow,
Where graz'd my cow,
Oft seen was *blithesome Cherry.*

Gwilliam ap Jones, a sprightly youth,
Had frequent pledg'd his love and truth,
And urg'd me oft to marry:
The faithful swain had store of kine,
Which he declar'd should all be mine,
To bless his *blithesome Cherry:*
On the mountain's brow,
He made the vow
To wed his *blithesome Cherry.*

I listen'd to his love profest;
It rais'd a flame within my breast,
And made my heart full merry:
Ye Welch maids all may you e'er find,
A youth so constant, fond, and kind,
As wed the *blithesome Cherry!*
On the mountain's brow,
All happy now,
Is seen the *blithesome Cherry.* [*London paper.*

—

The *equality* of man, and his *unalienable* rights, as they are ludicrously stiled by certain weak and presumptious theorists, are like Virgil's description of the Elysian fields, or Ovid's pic-

ture of the golden age, nothing more than an amusing dream, or an enchanting fable.

—

A late writer, in a brief dedication of his book to Lord Loughborough, thus tersely expresses the difference between a great and an obscure man.

"Of the various principles that influence the conduct of men, that has usually been classed among the most natural, which leads the weak to apply for support and protection to the powerful. In these relations your Lordship and the author stand connected. You, my Lord, elevated far above the level of your countrymen, by the dignity of your rank; the head of a learned profession; and eminent for your attainments in the elegant pursuits, and the polished arts of life: he, at the outset of a doubtful and difficult career, unsupported and unknown."

—

What species of learning the rudiments of which have not been investigated, and its asperities softened by those vigilant spirits, who estimated the value of their lives not by the extent, or the variety of their amusements, but by the acquirements they had made in languages, literature, and philosophy?

—

Dionyssius of Halicarnassus, who has written with such attic sensibility on literary elegancies, compares the brilliant and flowing style to a living and limpid stream, which ever flows, and ever with the same facility; to a changeable silk, which exhibits, at every glance all the delicacies of shades, and to a splendid painting, in which the colours happily blend and sweetly melt into each other.

—

Many ingenious readers complain that their memory is defective, and their studies unfruitful. This defect, however, arises from their indulging the facile pleasures of perceptions, in preference to the labourious habit of forming them into ideas. We must not deceive ourselves. Perceptions require only the sensibility of taste, and their pleasures are continuous, easy, and exquisite. Ideas require not only the same power of taste, but an art of combination and an exertion of the reasoning powers, which form no mean operation of the mind. Ideas are, therefore, labours; and for those, who will not undergo the fatigue of labour, it is unjust to complain if they come from the harvest with scarcely a sheaf in their hands.

The numerous class of readers of taste, who only prefer a book to the odd trick at whist, have, therefore, no reason to murmur, if that which is only taken up as an amusement, should terminate, like all amusements, in temporary pleasure.

—

We should hesitate to pronounce on a work of some merit, on the first perusal, for that is rarely attended by the proper relish. It is with reading as with wine, for connoisseurs have observed that the first glass is insufficient to decide on its quality; it is necessary to imbue the palate to give it that raciness of relish, which communicates every latent quality, and enables us to judge as keenly as the two uncles of Sancho.

—

A sarcastic writer, adverting to the lucrative employments of George Rose, Esq. and others, who, during Pitt's administration, were employed rather for their useful, than shining talents, introduces the following remarkable passage.

"Mr. Pitt, with his law education, has a notion that the dullest men are the most faithful servants. They never disconcert a scheme by any amendments of their own. They are obsequious and exact. The clock work of government, it seems can never go right unless it has a proper number of leaden weights. Since the prosperity of England is now made to consist in its finance, and our minister is the first accomptant in the kingdom, perhaps to cypher and to copy may form the official capacity for every great statesman.

—

Late rising, long meals, long dressing, and an evening protracted to midnight, is the uniform nullity of modern existence.

—

Mr. Jefferson's most famous performance may be justly characterised as "a long performance, abounding in long periods, which it is charitable to advise an asthmatic patient not to read out, and a purblind one not to read at all."

—

The pernicious conventicles that abound in this metropolis, are like those shops that vend the poison of spirits, at a small rate, accommodated to the purses of the poor. A miserable stock of damaged divinity, as well as a few kegs of damaged liquor, are sufficient to set up either trade.

—

A CHARACTER,

That may serve most men living.

Sometimes sick, and sometimes healthy;
Sometimes poor, sometimes wealthy:
Sometimes busy, sometimes lazy;
Sometimes wise, and sometimes crazy;
Sometimes silent, sometimes talking;
Sometimes sitting, sometimes walking;
Sometimes running, sometimes creeping;
Sometimes watching, sometimes sleeping;
Sometimes fat, and sometimes lean;
Sometimes dirty, sometimes clean;
Sometimes reading, sometimes writing;
Sometimes peaceful, sometimes fighting;
Sometimes humour'd, sometimes teaz'd;
Sometimes angry, sometimes pleas'd;
Sometimes happy with October;
Sometimes tipsy, sometimes sober;
Sometimes singing a good song;
Sometimes right, and sometimes wrong;
Sometimes hot, and sometimes cold;
Sometimes fearful, sometimes bold;
Sometimes eating, sometimes drinking;
Sometimes careless, sometimes thinking;
Sometimes clapping, sometimes hissing;
Sometimes frowning, sometimes kissing;
Sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry;
Sometimes wet, and sometimes dry;
Sometimes fasting, sometimes stuffing—
Sometimes roll, and sometimes muffin;
Sometimes cheerful, sometimes sad;
Sometimes good, and sometimes bad.

—

W. Gifford, Esq. whose taste and judgment in literature is conspicuous in every page of his ingenious works, has given an opinion, respecting that vandal, Kotzebue, which I hope very fervently will be sufficient to drive away his jacobinical plays from our closets, and our stage.

"The object of the heavy, lumbering, monotonous stupidity of Kotzebue and Schiller has been detailed with such force and precision in the introduction to 'The Rovers,' (Anti-Jacobin, vol. 2. p. 415) that nothing remains to be said on that head. Indeed the simple perusal of 'The Rovers,' would supersede the necessity of any critique on the merits of the German drama, in general, since there is not a folly, however gross, an absurdity, however monstrous, to be found in that charming jeu d'esprit, that I would not undertake to parallel from one or other of the most admired works of the German Shakspeares.*

Why it has not been produced on the stage is to me a matter of astonishment, since it unites the beauties of the Stranger and Pizarro, and though perfectly German in its sentiments, is English in its language—intelligible English, which is infinitely more than can be said of the translation from Kotzebue, so maliciously attributed to Mr. Sheridan.

In a word, if you take from the German dramas their horrid blasphemies, their wanton invocations of the sacred name, and their minute and ridiculous stage directions, which seem calculated to turn the whole into a pantomime, nothing will remain but a caput mortuum, a vapid and gloomy mass of matter, unenlightened by a single ray of genius or nature. If you leave them their blasphemies, &c. you have then a nameless something, insipid though immoral, tedious though impious, and stupid though extravagant.

* So Kotzebue and Schiller are styled by the Critical Reviewers.

—

Women are as capricious with their religions as with their ribbands, and change their ministers with as much facility as their milliners.

—

TO THE PUBLIC.

It is incident to many, who, from remote quarters of the Union, apply for this paper, to forget, or mistake its conditions. The postage of letters is not always paid, and the receipt of five dollars, a very moderate charge for the great quantity of matter contained in the Port Folio, is not only procrastinated, but taxed by the Post Office, with a sum which not infrequeutly deducts 20 per cent from the price of the paper. This is so inconvenient and injurious to the Editor, that he is obliged to repeat, distinctly, that the price of this paper is five dollars annually, payable in advance, and it is requested of every newsubscriber that he inclose the stipulated sum, in a letter, post paid.

Gentlemen, who receive files of London papers, or a series of any of the Magazines and Reviews, published in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, are respectfully solicited to transmit them, occasionally, to the Editor. The literary journals of Europe supply most valuable and shining materials for such a miscellany as the Port Folio, and in the conducting of that paper the Editor has continual occasion to recur to foreign sources of information and amusement. With respect to the English newspapers it is immaterial to the Editor whether they be new or old. Our merchants, daily journalists, and politicians, are naturally eager for the most recent news; *but the Editor is chiefly studious of miscellaneous information concerning literature and the fine arts, together with the manners, habits, and characteristics of the age.*

Subscribers to the Port Folio, solicitous for sets from the commencement of the work, are notified, that new editions of some of the initial papers having been printed, a few copies of the first volume may be had at No. 25, North Second Street.

The *third* edition of the Prospectus is just printed. Our agents may be supplied, *gratis*, with copies for distribution.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET.

Why heaves my bosom with unwonted pain?
Why rush these cruel bodings on my breast?
Pours not gay Hope as sweet her soothing strain,
And wears not Nature still a pleasing vest?

To me gay Hope as sweetly pours the lay,
And bids me all her brightest prospects share,
E'en the soft season wears a smile more gay,
And op'ning Nature blooms more mildly fair.*

'Tis Delia's danger all my soul alarms,
And damps that hope, which would my comfort be;
Since she no more can relish nature's charms,
Ah! what are all these boasted charms to me.

Till health her wonted sprightliness restore,
With me the joys of tranquil life are o'er.

HARLEY.

THE CAST-AWAY.

An original poem, by W. COWPER, Esq. never published in America.

[As this poem, says Mr. Hayley, is the last original production from the pen of Mr. Cowper, I introduce it here, persuaded that it will be read with an interest proportioned to the extraordinary pathos of the subject, and the still more extraordinary powers of the poet, whose lyre could sound so forcibly, unsilenced by the gloom of the darkest distemper, that was conducting him, by slow gradations, to the shades of death.

On the 20th of March, 1799, he wrote the stanzas, intitled the 'Cast-away,' founded on an anecdote in Anson's voyage, which his memory suggested to him, although he had not looked into the book for many years.]

Obscurest night involv'd the sky;
Th' Atlantic billows roar'd;
When such a destin'd wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home forever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast,
Than he, with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He lov'd them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor heard again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away;
But wag'd with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted; nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow.
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er the gave, should visit more.

Nor cruel as it seem'd could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them;
But bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives who lives an hour,
In ocean self upheld;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repell'd:
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried '*adieu.*'

At length his transient respite past,
His comrades who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more.
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him: but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear.
And tears by bards or heroes shed,
Alike immortalize the dead.

I, therefore, purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme,
A more enduring date.
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone;
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone;
But I, beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulphs than he.

SONNET.

Addressed by Mr. Cowper to Mrs. Unwin.

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings;
Such aid from heaven, as some have feign'd they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new,
And undebas'd by praise of meaner things!
That ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honor due,
In verse as musical, as thou art true,
Verse that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need: there is a book,
By seraphs writ, with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look;
A chronicle of actions just and bright!
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary shine,
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

SELECTED POETRY.

[In the age of Anacreon, we are told by Mr. Moore, love was an unrefined emotion, and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than sentiment. They knew not those little tendernesses, which form the spiritual part of affection. Their expression of feeling was, therefore, rude and unvaried, and the poetry of love deprived of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this gallantry; and the same delicacy of mind, which led him to this refinement, prevented him from yielding to the freedom of language, which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not in the words.]

The first ode of Anacreon.

I saw the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure;
'Twas in a vision of the night
He beam'd upon my wondering sight;
I heard his voice, and warmly prest
The dear enthusiast to my breast;
His tresses wore a silvery die,
But beauty sparkled in his eye;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire,
His lip exhal'd, whene'er he sigh'd,
The fragrance of the racy tide;
And, as with weak and reeling feet,
He came my cordial kiss to meet;
An infant of the Cyprian band
Guided him on with tender hand,
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid of many a wanton hue;
I took the braid of wanton twine,
It breath'd of him, and blush'd with wine.
I hung it on my thoughtless brow,
And, ah! I feel its magic now!
I feel that e'en his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much.

FRAGMENT OF ODE 4.

Oh! let the vines luxuriant roll
Their blushing tendrils round my bowl.
While many a rose lip'd bachant maid
Is culling clusters in their shade,
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes;
And flights of loves, in wanton ringlets,
Flirt around on golden *winglets;*
While Venus to her mystic bower
Beckons the rosy vintage power.

* * * * * * *

Let Bacchus, Love's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy,
And, while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm ey'd Venus, dancing near,
With spirits of the genial bed,
The dewy herbage deftly tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,
In timid nakedness of charms,
And all the Graces, link'd with Love,
Blushing through the shadowy grove.

ODE VIII.

I care not for the idle state,
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great,
I envy not the Monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasur'd gold my own;
But, oh! be mine the rosy braid,
The fervour of my brows to shade;
*Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus, while all our days are bright,
Nor Time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile,
With mantling cup, and cordial smile;
And shed, from every bowl of wine,
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come, when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no more.

---

* The Spring of 1790 was remarkably mild and forward.

* Angerianus has introduced this idea in the following lines:

Hæc mihi curæ, rosis et cingere tempora myrto,
Et curas multo delapidare mero,
Hæc mihi curæ, comas et barbam tingere succo
Assyrio, et dulces continuare jocos.

This be my care to twine the rosy wreath,
And drench my sorrows in the ample bowl;
To let my beard the Assyrian unguent breathe,
And give a loose to levity of soul.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY HUGH MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.